

Wags and Woofie



Aldredge and McKee

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Grade 1

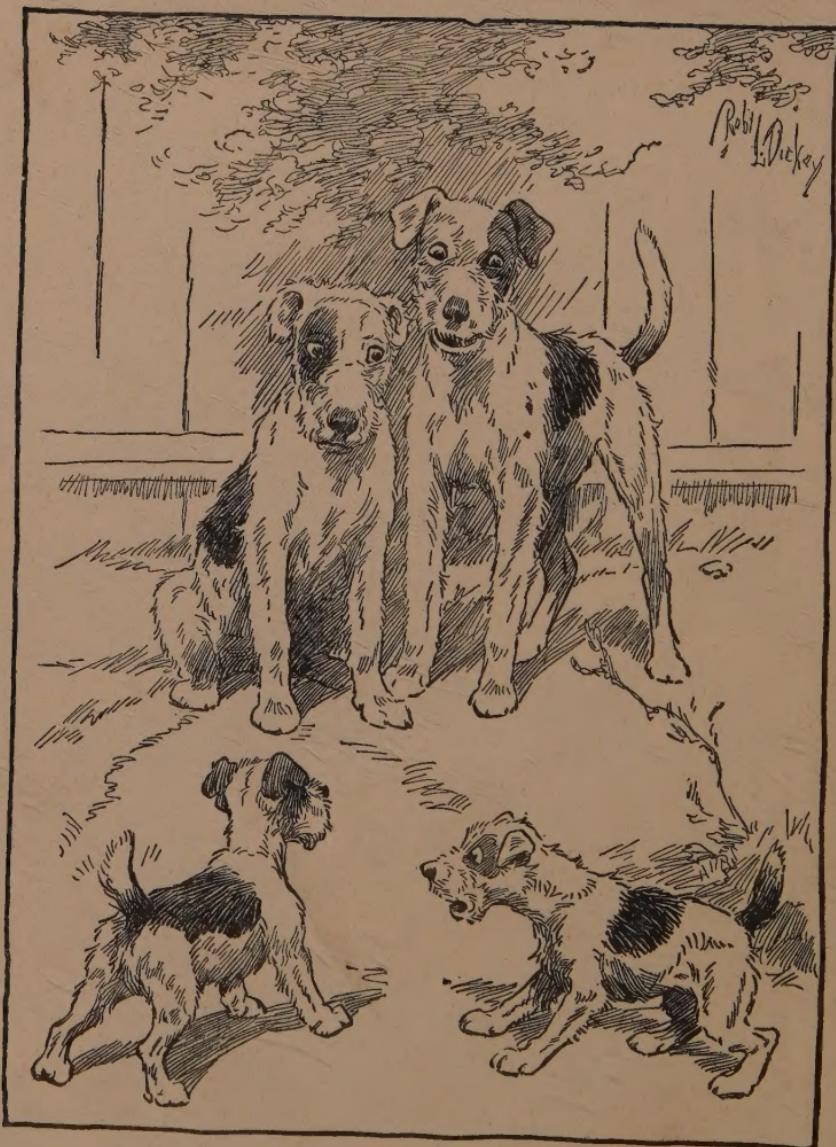
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Grade 6



HOW WAGS AND WOOFIE GOT THEIR NAMES

WAGS AND WOOFIE

BY

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AND

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PREFACE

Ask a group of children of early primary years what kind of books they like best and you will hear remarks similar to these: "I like stories that go all the way through the book"; "I like stories about animals"; "I like animals that act like people"; "I like funny stories."

"Wags and Woofie" has been planned as a supplementary reader and was written with these classroom observations of children's preferences especially in mind. With the farm as a setting, this story is woven around the experiences of two happy, mischievous, fun-loving puppies whose adventures we hope will make an appeal to the childish imagination.

Much attention has been given to the general make-up of the book. The type is large and the sentences are short, with special care given to phrasing and spacing, details which contribute materially to the pupil's ease in word mastery.

The vocabulary has been chosen largely from the words found in school readers and in standard word lists. Five sixths of the vocabulary is

composed of first-grade words. The authors have tried to use the more difficult words a sufficient number of times to insure mastery.

The very clever illustrations by Mr. Dickey, whose pictures of dogs are well known, should make Wags and Woofie living characters to the boys and girls who read the story.

EDNA M. ALDREDGE
JESSIE F. McKEE

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WAGS AND WOOFIE

NAMING THE PUPPIES

Mother Watch Dog came
to the door of the dog house.

“Where are the puppies?”
she said.

“It is bedtime.”

“I will call them,”
said Father Watch Dog.

“Puppies! Puppies! Come here!
Come here!”



Two fat little puppies squeezed
through the barnyard fence.

One little puppy came up
to the house.

When he saw his father,
his funny little tail went
wiggle, wiggle, wag.

Father Watch Dog laughed
at the puppy.

“I know a good name for you,”
he said.

“We will call you Wags.
You never forget
to wag your tail.”

“Woof, woof! Woof, woof!”
barked the other puppy.

“Puppy, come here,”
called Father Watch Dog.

“Woof, woof! Woof, woof!”
the puppy barked again.

But he did not come.

Then Father Watch Dog said,
in a very cross voice,
“Puppy, come here at once.”

The puppy came slowly up
to Father Watch Dog.

His head was down.

His tail was down.

He knew
that he had been naughty.

“You are a silly puppy,”
said Father Watch Dog.

“You bark at the cow.
You bark at the kittens.
You bark at the scarecrow.
All you can say is,
‘Woof, woof!’

Woofie is a good name for you.”
That is how Wags and Woofie
got their names.

BEDTIME

It was bedtime in the barnyard.
It was time for puppies
to be asleep.

“Come, Wags and Woofie,”
said Mother Watch Dog.
“You must go to bed.”

When the puppies were ready,
Mother Watch Dog
put them into bed.

She was very happy.

Her puppies now had names.

“You are growing big,”
said Mother Watch Dog.

"It is time
that you should know some things
about the barnyard.

The barnyard is a good place
for puppies.

There are many good times
for you here.

But you must not go
into Farmer Ring's yard.

He thinks the barnyard
is the place for puppies.

Do not bark at Sukey, the cow.
It makes her cross.
Old Biddy Hen does not like
puppies near her nest.

Pig Boy and Pig Girl
are good playmates.

You must be kind to them.

You can have fun
with the kittens,
Fluffy Kat and Fluffy Kin.

But do not tease them too much.

Be good to the duck children.

Be good to the baby chicks.

They are much smaller than you.

Try to remember
what I have told you.

Try to be good puppies,"
said Mother Watch Dog.

“I’ll try, mother,” said Wags.

“I’ll try to be good.”

“Will you try, too, Woofie?”
asked Mother Watch Dog.

Woofie did not say a word.
He was fast asleep.

IN THE FARMER'S YARD

“Bow, wow, wow!

Bow, wow, wow!” barked Woofie.

“Wake up, Wags!

The sun is shining.”

Wags opened his sleepy eyes.

He hopped out of bed.

When breakfast was over,

the puppies ran into the barnyard.

Woofie gave a sharp little bark.

That was to say good morning
to all his friends.

Wags said good morning
with his funny little tail.

A bright yellow butterfly flew by.
"Let's catch it, Wags,"
said Woofie.

Round and round the barnyard
flew the yellow butterfly.

Round and round the barnyard
ran Wags and Woofie.

At last the butterfly
flew over the fence.

It flew into Farmer Ring's yard.
"I'm going after it," said Woofie.
"No, no," said Wags.
"Mother told us not to go
into Farmer Ring's yard."
"I'm going, anyway," said Woofie.

“Come on, Wags.

Mother will never know.”

Woofie squeezed
through the fence.

Wags watched Woofie
for a little while.

Then he squeezed
through the fence, too.

They chased the butterfly
until it flew into the apple tree.

“I’m going back to the barnyard,”
said Wags.

And he crawled under the gate.

“I’m not going yet,” said Woofie.

“I’m going to look around.”

Sniff, sniff! went Woofie's
little black nose.

"I smell something good.
I wonder what is in that pail
on Farmer Ring's back steps.
I am going to see,"
he said to himself.

He ran up the steps.

Woofie put the tip
of his little black nose into the pail.

He licked it
with his little red tongue.

"Cream, cream!" he said.
Down into the pail
went his little round face.

He drank and drank.

He drank every drop of cream.

“Woofie, Woofie!

Come here at once,”

called Mother Watch Dog.

Woofie ran down the steps.

Rattle, rattle! Bang, bang!

The pail went, too.

That pail was fast

around Woofie’s neck.

He shook and shook his head.

The pail would not come off.

He pulled and pulled the pail.

But it would not come off.



He ran to the fence,
but he could not get under it.

“Mother, mother,” he begged.

“Please come and help me.”

Mother Watch Dog
opened the barnyard gate.

She let in
the frightened little puppy.

“O Woofie!” she said.

“What a naughty little dog
you are!”



Father Watch Dog
had to work and work
to get the pail off Woofie's head.

When the pail was off
Mother Watch Dog
made the puppies tell
what they had done.

She made Wags sit in the corner
with his nose to the wall.

She made Woofie go to bed.

He had to stay there
the rest of the day.

WOOFIE SICK-A-BED

“Mother, mother!” called Woofie, early the next morning.

“What is it, Woofie dear?” asked Mother Watch Dog.

“Oh, I have such a pain!” said Woofie.

“Too much cream is not good for puppies,” said Mother Watch Dog.

“Oh, oh, oh!” cried Woofie.

“Get up, Wags,” called Mother Watch Dog.

“Woofie is sick.

Father Watch Dog is away.
You will have to go
for Doctor Bruno."

Wags ran as fast
as his little legs could go.

Soon Doctor Bruno came.

"Well, well," he said.

"What is the matter, Woofie?"



“Oh, oh, oh!”
cried the sick little puppy.

“Put out your tongue,”
said Doctor Bruno.

Woofie put out the tip
of his little red tongue.

“Put it ‘way out,”
said Doctor Bruno.

“I can’t,” cried Woofie.

“It’s fast at the back.”

Doctor Bruno laughed,
and so did Mother Watch Dog.

“Woofie has eaten something
that isn’t good for puppies,”
said Doctor Bruno.

Then Mother Watch Dog
told him all about the cream.

Doctor Bruno put something
into a big spoon.

It was clear and very thick.

“O dear!” said Woofie.

“I’m afraid it is castor oil.”

“It is castor oil,”
said Doctor Bruno.

Woofie put his paws
over his mouth.

He shut his eyes.

He shook his head.

“Ugh! I don’t like castor oil,”
he said.

Mother Watch Dog
held Woofie's nose.

Doctor Bruno held his paws.
He put the castor oil
into Woofie's mouth.

Oh, how bad it tasted!
"Ugh!" said Woofie.
"I will never go
into Farmer Ring's yard again."

GOING FISHING

The next day Woofie was well.
The two little puppies
were up early.

“What shall we do today?”
said Wags.

“Let’s go fishing,” said Woofie.
“That will be fun,” said Wags.
Wags and Woofie ran in
to ask Mother Watch Dog.

“Mother, may we go fishing?”
asked both puppies at once.

“Yes, you may go,”
said Mother Watch Dog.

“Should you like to ask Pig Boy
and Pig Girl to go with you?”

“Yes, yes, mother,” said Wags.

“Yes, yes, mother,” said Woofie.

They were very happy.

Woofie tumbled over Wags,
and Wags tumbled over Woofie.

Wags ran off
to get Pig Boy and Pig Girl.

Woofie dug for worms
behind the barn.

When his can was full,
he came back to the dog house.

There was Wags
with Pig Boy and Pig Girl.



They were waiting for Woofie.
When they were ready to start,
Mother Watch Dog said,
"Here is a lunch for each of you."
"Wee, wee, wee,"
said the happy pigs.
"Thank you, Mother Watch Dog."

“Bow, wow, wow!”
said the happy puppies.

“Thank you, mother.”

The four little friends
started for the pond.

When they got there,
they all sat on the bank together.

They had to be very quiet
so they would not frighten the fish.

It was hard for Pig Boy to sit still.
He kept thinking about his lunch.
“I could eat two lunches,”
he said to himself.

All at once he thought
of a plan.

He looked at the others.
No one was looking at him.
All were busy fishing.
He took his lunch
and crept quietly up the bank
to a big tree.
He hid his lunch behind it.
He crept quietly back again.
He sat down and started fishing.
Pig Boy thought
no one had seen him,
but Woofie's bright eyes
had seen it all.

After a while Pig Girl said,
“I'm getting hungry.”

“Bow, wow, wow! So am I,”
barked Wags.

“Let’s eat our lunch.”

Pig Boy began
looking everywhere.

“Oh, oh! I have lost my lunch.
I can’t find it anywhere,”
Pig Boy cried.

“Please give me
some of yours, Woofie,”
begged Pig Boy.

But Woofie only laughed.

“Get your own lunch
from behind the tree,” he said.

“I saw you put it there.
You thought you would get
some of ours
and have your own too.”

Pig Boy looked very foolish.
He went slowly up to the tree.
When he got there,
Sukey the cow was eating
the last bit of his lunch.

“You tried to play a trick
on us, but Old Sukey
played a trick on you.

You are a greedy little pig,”
called Pig Girl.



Pig Boy walked slowly
back to the pond.

His head was down
and the curl was all out of his tail.

The greedy little pig
went hungry that day.

HAVING THEIR PICTURE TAKEN

“How fast the puppies
are growing!”

said Mother Watch Dog
one morning.

“They will be big dogs
before we know it.

We must have
their pictures taken.”

“Why not have them
taken today?”
said Father Watch Dog.

“Can you go with us, father?”
asked Mother Watch Dog.

"I am afraid I can not go today,"
said Father Watch Dog.

Father Watch Dog was
the policeman of the barnyard.
He had much work to do.

Mother Watch Dog wanted
the puppies to look their best.

She washed them all over.
She brushed and brushed
their fur.

When they were ready,
they started for the Picture Dog's.

How happy they were
as they trotted along!

They could hardly wait
to get there. They had never had
their pictures taken.

At last they came
to the Picture Dog's.

The Picture Dog met them
at the door.

"You may wait in this room,
Mother Watch Dog.

I will take the puppies
with me," he said.

He took them into a queer room.

It was very light.

One side was all windows.

There were windows
in the roof too.

“Stand on that bench
near the wall,”
said the Picture Dog.

“You must stand very still.”
It was very hard
for the puppies to stand still.
Wags couldn’t keep
his tail from wagging.

Woofie couldn’t keep
his little red tongue in his mouth.

“Hold your tail still, Wags.
Put in your tongue, Woofie,”
said the Picture Dog.

“I can’t take your pictures
if you don’t keep still.”

Then the Picture Dog looked
through a black box.

He put a black cover
over his head, and over the box too.

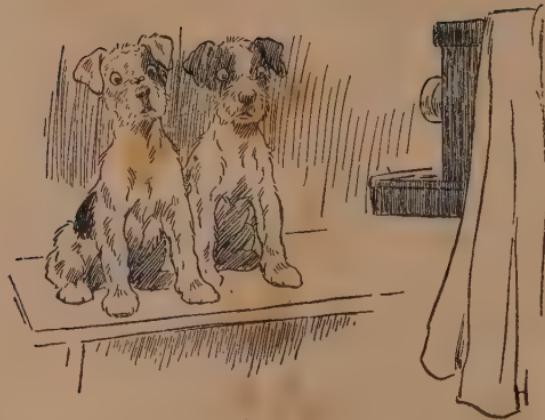
Click-click went something.

The picture was taken.

The Picture Dog went out
of the room.

Wags and Woofie did not know
that the picture had been taken.

They sat straight and still
on the bench.



They never winked an eye.
They never moved a hair.
A fly lit on Woofie's nose.
He didn't try to brush it off.
Something bit Wags
behind the ear.
He didn't try to scratch it.
"My! How long it takes
to take a picture,"
thought the puppies.

“Is the picture taken yet?”
asked Mother Watch Dog
in the other room.

“Oh, yes, long ago,”
said the Picture Dog.

“Where are Wags and Woofie?”
asked Mother Watch Dog.

The Picture Dog
and Mother Watch Dog
went to the door.

They looked
into the queer light room.

There sat Wags and Woofie,
very straight and still.

How Mother Watch Dog laughed
when she saw those two puppies.

The Picture Dog laughed, too.

“Your picture
was taken long ago,”
said the Picture Dog
to Wags and Woofie.

“Didn’t you hear the camera
go ‘click-click’?

It was taken then.”

Wags and Woofie
looked very foolish.

They hopped down
from the bench
and stretched their legs.

They never said a word
as they trotted off home.

OLD BIDDY HEN

“I haven’t seen Old Biddy Hen for a long time,” said Woofie one day.

“I haven’t seen Old Biddy Hen for a long time, either,” said Wags.

“Pig Boy thinks she has a nest of eggs, but he doesn’t know where.”

“Let’s look for her,” said Woofie.

“Come on,” said Wags.

Away they ran to the big barn. They looked in Old Sukey’s manger.

Old Biddy Hen was not there.
They looked in the haymow.
Old Biddy Hen was not there.
They looked
under the chicken house.
They looked
in the chicken house.
Old Biddy Hen was not there.
“Where can she be?”
asked Wags.
“Where can she be?”
asked Woofie.

All at once they heard
a low clucking sound.
Woofie looked up.

There was Old Biddy Hen
sitting in a box on the wall.

“Woof, woof! Woof, woof!”
barked Woofie.

“There she is!
I think I’ll go up and see her.”
“I think I’ll go up
and see her, too,” said Wags.

Some steps led up to the box.
Woofie ran up the steps.
Wags came right behind him.
They were so glad
to find Old Biddy Hen.

Oh, such a surprise!

Old Biddy Hen wasn't glad
to see them.

She flew at Woofie.

She pecked him with her bill.

She scratched him
with her feet.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump,
went Woofie down the steps.

Bumpety, bumpety, bump,
went Wags too.

"I'll teach you
not to come to my nest
when I am sitting on my eggs,"
she said.



How big and cross
Old Biddy Hen looked !
Her feathers stood straight out.
Over and over
rolled Woofie and Wags,
with Old Biddy Hen after them.
Round the barnyard she chased
the frightened puppies.

They ran home
as fast as they could go.

“Mother, mother,” they called.
Mother Watch Dog came
to the door.

“What is the matter,
Woofie and Wags?” she said.

But Woofie and Wags
could not say a word.

They were frightened and tired.
They fell in a heap
on the ground.

“Those naughty puppies
climbed right up the steps
to my nest,” said Old Biddy Hen.

“I did not like it.
That is why I am cross.”

Mother Watch Dog
took the frightened puppies
into the house.

“I told you not to go
near Old Biddy Hen’s nest,”
said Mother Watch Dog.

“Now you know why.”

GOING SWIMMING

“How hot the sun is!”
said Woofie one morning.

“My fur coat is so warm!”

“My fur coat is warm, too,”
said Wags.

“Let us go swimming.”

“Good!” said Woofie.

The puppies started for the pond.

On the way to the pond
they met the kittens,
Fluffy Kat and Fluffy Kin.

“We are going swimming,”
they called to the kittens.

“Take us with you,”
called Fluffy Kat.

“We want to go, too,”
called Fluffy Kin.

“Come on,” said Wags
and Woofie.

“We will have some fun.”

Splash! Splash! Into the water
went the two puppies.

They swam across the pond.

Wags and Woofie liked to swim,
but the kittens were afraid
of the water.

They did not like to wet
their nice soft fur.

Fluffy Kat put one paw
into the water.

She shook the water off.

The water was too wet.

She did not like it.

“I don’t want to go swimming,
said Fluffy Kat.

“I don’t want to go swimming,
either,” said Fluffy Kin.

A queer round stone
was very near the pond.

The kittens sat on it
and watched the puppies
swim back across the pond.

Woofie got there first.

He swam up to the kittens.

He made a great splash.

“Please don’t wet me,”

begged Fluffy Kat.

“Please don’t wet me,”

begged Fluffy Kin.

“Ha, ha, ha!” laughed Woofie.

“Ha, ha!” — but Woofie’s laugh
changed to “Ow, ow, ow!”

He sprang from the water
and ran up the bank.

Fast to Woofie’s tail
was a big crawfish.

The kittens knew that it hurt,
but Woofie looked so funny,
they almost laughed.



Oh, how it hurt
to pull the crawfish off!

Tears came to Woofie's eyes,
but he tried not to cry.

He licked the hurt place
with his little red tongue.

“Help! Help! Help!”
cried Fluffy Kat.

“This queer round stone
is moving. It is taking us away.”

Just then the stone
slid into the water.



“That isn’t a stone,” cried Wags.

“That is a turtle.”

Wags and Woofie
gave sharp little barks
and swam after the turtle.

They grabbed the kittens
just as the turtle
went under the water.

They carried them to the bank.

“Oh, thank you, Wags,”
said Fluffy Kat.

"Oh, thank you, Woofie,"
said Fluffy Kin.

The kittens' nice soft fur
was very wet.

They all sat in the warm sun
for a long time.

When their fur was dry,
and Woofie's tail was better,
the four little friends
went back to the barnyard.

PICNIC DAY

“Wake up, Wags, wake up!”
called Woofie.

“It’s picnic day.”

Wags quickly hopped
out of bed.

“What a beautiful day
for a picnic,”
said Mother Watch Dog.

She had just put
the last dog biscuit into the basket.

The picnic was to be
under the big trees near the pond.

Every one was going.

By nine o'clock
every one was there.

They could hardly wait
for the fun to begin.

“Let's have some races,”
said Fluffy Kat.

“Let's race to the big stump
over there.”

“A race! A race!”
cried all the children,
as they got in line.

“Get ready!”
called Father Watch Dog.

“One, two, three, go!”



Away they all ran.

How fast their legs went !

Woofie got there first.

Wags was close behind him.

Woofie felt very proud
as they all walked back
to the pond.

He held his head very high.

“Why don’t you have
a swimming race ? ”
asked Mother Duck.

She knew that little ducks could swim much better than they could run.

“I’m the best swimmer in the barnyard,” bragged Woofie.

“I’ll race across the pond and back with any one.

Who wants to race with me?”

“I’ll race with you,” said Dicky Duck, in a quiet little voice.

“Pooh!” said Woofie.

“I can swim across the pond before your funny short legs get started.”

“Let’s try anyway,”
said Dicky Duck.

“Get ready,”
called Father Watch Dog.

“One, two, three, go!”

Dicky Duck was in the middle
of the pond
before Woofie even started.

When Woofie got to the middle
of the pond,
he met Dicky Duck coming back.

“Hurrah for Dicky Duck!”
called the friends on the bank.

“There is no use to go on, Woofie.
Dicky Duck has won.”

Woofie crawled out on the bank
and shook his wet fur.

He didn't say a word.

He sat by himself on a stump
for a long, long time.

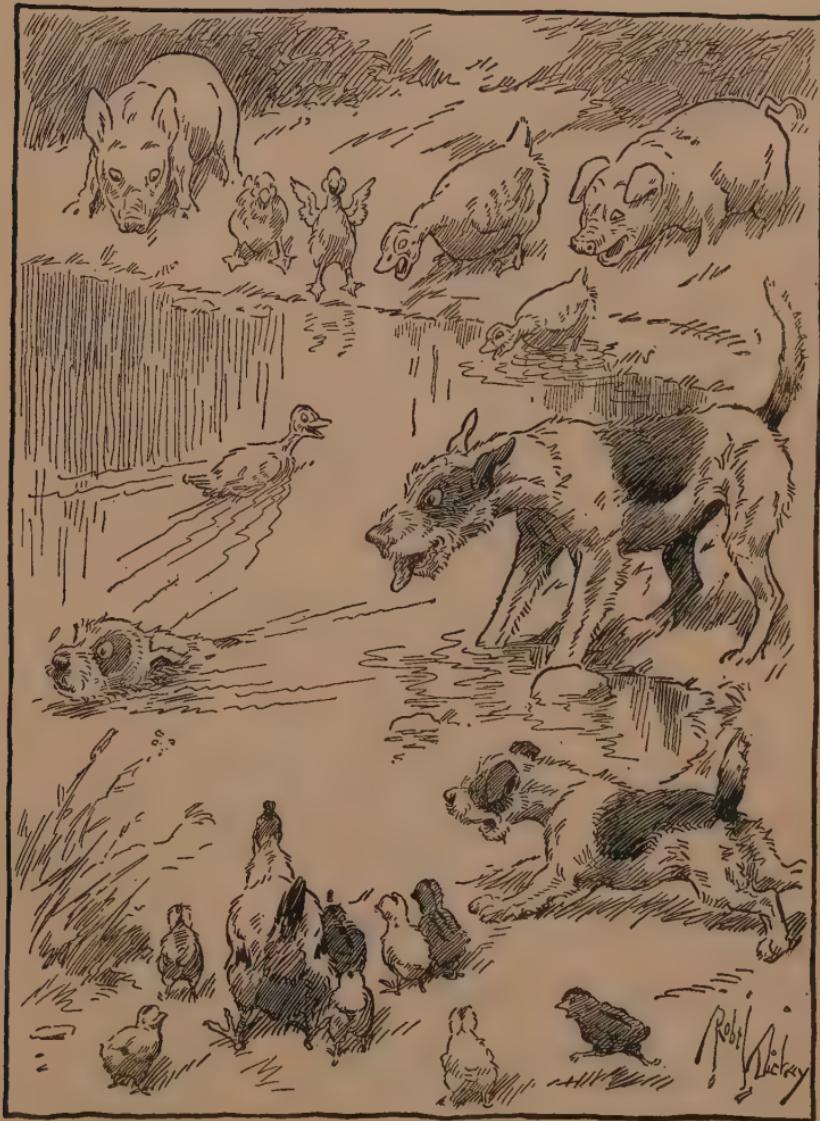
At last it was time to eat.

The little ones were so hungry
that they could hardly wait.

They ate their lunch
on the ground under the trees.

Everything tasted very good.

While they were eating,
some little birds flew down
to watch them.



“A little bird would taste good,”
whispered Fluffy Kat to Fluffy Kin.

“Father Watch Dog
will not let us catch one,”
whispered Fluffy Kin.

“He is so busy eating
he will never see us,”
answered Fluffy Kat.

“Let’s try to get one.”

They crept quietly away.
Nearer and nearer they crawled
to the little birds.

“Look, father,
look at the kittens!”
cried Woofie.

“Bow, wow, wow!”
barked Father Watch Dog.
He sprang after the kittens
just in time to save the little birds.

“You will have to be punished
for this,” he said in a gruff voice.

“Kittens must not catch birds.”

He took the frightened kittens
back to the barnyard
and shut them in the corn bin.

“No more fun for you today,”
he said.

After the picnic lunch was over,
the barnyard children
sat under the trees.

They told stories
and made up the words
for a little song.

All the way home they sang it.

“Picnic day, picnic day!
With its fun, with its play.
Woofie Dog knew how to run,
And he thought it lots of fun.
After that he had bad luck.
He couldn’t swim
like Dicky Duck.
Fluffy Kat and Fluffy Kin
Got shut up in the old corn bin.
To our homes we make our way.
Hurrah, hurrah for picnic day!”

PIG BOY'S RIDE

One morning Wags and Woofie
went down to the pond to play.

Fluffy Kat and Fluffy Kin
went with them.

They played a game of tag
under the big trees.

Woofie was "It."

He chased the others
in and out among the trees.

All had been tagged
but Fluffy Kat.

When Woofie came near her,
she ran up a tree.

“That isn’t fair,” said Woofie.

“That isn’t fair.

Dogs can’t climb trees,”

said Wags.

“I can never catch you
if you do that,” said Woofie.

“Wee, wee, wee!”
called some one.

Just then something
whizzed by the tree.

“What was that?” cried Woofie.

“What was that?” cried Wags.

Fluffy Kat ran farther
up the tree.

Fluffy Kin ran after her.

“It’s Pig Boy,” called Fluffy Kat,
high up in the tree.

“See what he is riding !

It is Tommy Ring’s scooter.”

Just then Pig Boy turned.

He came riding back to the tree.

“Where did you get
that scooter ?” asked Woofie.

“Tommy Ring left it
in the barnyard,” said Pig Boy.

“I thought I would take a ride
down the hill.

Should you like to ride ?
It is such fun.”

“Yes, yes,” said Woofie.

“Yes, yes,” said Wags.
“Let us take turns.
You go first, Fluffy Kat.”
“I want to ride
with Fluffy Kat,” said Fluffy Kin.

The two kittens took the scooter
to the top of the hill.
“I’ll steer, and you hold on
to me,” said Fluffy Kat.

The kittens started down the hill.
Faster and faster
went the wheels.
They didn’t know
that scooters went so fast.



They felt as if they were flying.
It was such fun that Fluffy Kat
forgot to steer.

Bang! Into an old stump
they ran.

It was very near the pond.
Over the stump went the kittens.
Down the hill they rolled.
They almost rolled into the pond.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
laughed the kittens.
"It didn't hurt a bit."

"You don't know how to steer,"
called Pig Boy as he ran
down to them.

“Let me have the scooter.
I’ll show you how to ride.”

Pig Boy started up the hill
with the scooter.

“It is our turn, Pig Boy,”
called Wags and Woofie.

But Pig Boy went on.

“Now watch me,”
he called back.

“I can steer it right between
those two trees.”

The two trees grew
close together.

Down the hill came Pig Boy.

He steered right between
the two trees.

Down the hill came the scooter,
but no little fat pig was on it.

“Where is Pig Boy?”
called the kittens.

“He isn’t on the scooter.”
“Wee, wee, wee! Here I am,”
called Pig Boy.

“I’m stuck between the trees.
Please come and help me.”

They all looked up.
There was Pig Boy
fast between the trees.



He wiggled and wiggled
to get free.

Big tears came into his eyes.

“Please come and help me,”
he begged again.

Wags pushed and Woofie pulled
to get him out.

Oh, how it hurt
his little fat sides!

At last with a big grunt
Pig Boy was out.

“I think I’ll go home,” he cried.

“I don’t feel like riding again.”

Pig Boy went back
to the barnyard.

After Wags and Woofie had
had a ride,
they took the scooter
back to the barnyard.

Every time they thought
of Pig Boy’s ride
they had to laugh.

WOOFIE TRIES TO FLY

The gate was open
into Farmer Ring's yard.

Woofie walked by it
two or three times.

He tried hard not to see it,
but he did want to go through.

“I'll just take
one little peep around,” he said,
as he walked in.

A little black umbrella
lay open on the ground.

“What is this?” asked Woofie,
as he sniffed around it.

“I never saw anything like this before.

I’ll take it to the barnyard and ask some one.”

He pulled it through the gate into the barnyard.

Pig Boy and Fluffy Kat came along.

“What is this black thing?” asked Woofie.

“I don’t know,” answered Pig Boy.

“I know what it is,” said Fluffy Kat.

“It is something to fly with.”

“Something to fly with!”
said Woofie,
and his eyes opened wide.

“Hold it by the handle
over your head,” said Fluffy Kat.

Woofie held it over his head,
and ran a little way.

The wind got under it
and almost lifted him.

“That isn’t the best way to fly,”
said Fluffy Kat.

“The best way
is to jump with it
from a high place.
Then you will fly right off.”

“Why not jump from the door
of the haymow?” said Pig Boy.

“I’ll do it,” said Woofie.

Away to the barn they ran.
Woofie soon climbed
to the haymow.

“Come and see Woofie fly,”
called Pig Boy
to the barnyard children.

When Woofie got to the door
of the haymow,
all the barnyard children were there.

Old Biddy Hen
and Mother Duck came, too.

“Woofie will learn something about flying,” thought Old Biddy Hen.

But she didn’t say a word.

Woofie stood at the door of the haymow.

He held the umbrella over his head.

When he saw how far it was to the ground, he looked a little frightened.

“I shan’t be gone long,” he called, as he got ready to jump.

He sprang out of the doorway.



Down he came
with a terrible bump,
right on the top
of Fluffy Kat's head.

“Meow, meow, meow!”
cried Fluffy Kat,
and she ran under the barn.
“Oh, oh, oh!” cried Woofie.

“I bit my tongue,
and I bumped my head,
and I hurt my foot.

Oh, oh, oh!” he cried,
as he limped away
to tell Mother Watch Dog
all about it.

“Dogs can’t fly.
They have no wings,”
said Mother Duck.

“Umbrellas were not made
for flying, anyway,” said Biddy Hen.

When Woofie
told Mother Watch Dog
what he had done,

she made him take the umbrella
back to Farmer Ring's yard.

Then Woofie had to stay
in the dog house
the rest of the day.

WAGS AND WOOFIE PLAY A TRICK

An old barrel
lay in the barnyard.

Both ends were gone.

In and out and in and out
ran Wags and Woofie.

They were playing
a game of tag.

“Here comes Pig Boy,”
said Woofie.

“Let’s have some fun.”

“What shall we do?”
said Wags.

“I will tell you,” said Woofie.

“You stand at one end
of the barrel with your tail out.

I’ll stand at the other end
with my head out.

Pig Boy will think
I have grown very long.”

The puppies got into the barrel.

“Hold your tail still, Wags,
so he won’t know it is you,”
whispered Woofie.

Up came Pig Boy.

He looked at one end
of the barrel, then he looked
at the other end.



“How queer Woofie looks,”
he thought.

“You have grown so long
and funny, Woofie.
What has happened to you?”
asked Pig Boy.

But Woofie never said a word.

The little dogs stood very still.

“Did you eat something
to make you grow like that?”
asked Pig Boy.

“Did you eat some
of those leaves by the fence?
Old Sukey, the cow,
says they are fairy leaves,
and they will make you grow big.

Did you eat some of them?”

But Woofie did not answer.

Pig Boy walked away.

“I wish I could grow long
like Woofie,” he said to himself.

“I think I’ll try the fairy leaves.”

He ran over to the fence.

He ate and ate.

The leaves were so bitter
they almost made him squeal.

He looked to see
if he had grown long,
but nothing had happened.

He ate more leaves.

How bitter they were!

Pig Boy made a funny face
every time he ate a leaf.

Woofie just had to laugh.

He laughed so hard
the barrel began to move.

Out rolled Woofie.

Out rolled Wags.

When Pig Boy saw
the two puppies, he knew that
they had played a trick on him.

He stopped eating
and ran after them.

Wags and Woofie
were laughing so hard
they could hardly run.

Pig Boy chased them
round and round the barnyard.

WOOFIE DOES THE WRONG THING

“Good morning, Mother Duck!
Where are you going
with your babies?”
said Old Biddy Hen, one day.

“I am taking my baby ducks
down to the pond for a swim,”
said Mother Duck.

“What fun for your babies!”
said Old Biddy Hen.

“I think I’ll take my family
down to watch you.”

“Cluck, cluck, cluck,”
called Old Biddy Hen.

Her little chicks came running.
"Come children,
we are going to the pond
to watch the Duck family swim."

When they reached the pond,
Old Biddy Hen counted her babies.

One little chick was not there.

"O dear! My little yellow chick
is not here.

I'll have to go back for it,"
she said.

"Where shall I put these babies
while I am gone?"

An old black hat
was lying near the pond.

It had blown off
the scarecrow's head.

"That hat would be
a good place for them," she said.

Old Biddy Hen
called her babies to her
and put them in the hat.

Just then
Wags and Woofie came up.

"Wags, will you watch my babies
while I am gone?"
asked Old Biddy Hen.

"Yes, Old Biddy Hen, I shall be
glad to watch them," said Wags.

"Don't let them

get out of the hat,"
called Old Biddy Hen,
as she ran back
for the other chick.

"Peep, peep! Peep, peep!
Peep, peep! Peep, peep!"
cried the little chicks.

"Don't cry," said Wags.
"Your mother will soon be here."
"Peep, peep! Peep, peep!"
cried the little chicks.

"I know why they are crying,"
said Woofie.

"They want to swim, too."



“Chickens can’t swim,”
said Wags.

“Then they could go for a sail,”
said Woofie.

Before Wags could stop him,
Woofie had pushed the old hat,
chickens and all, into the water.

“Woofie, Woofie!
Those chickens will drown,”
cried Wags.

He ran up and down
the bank barking.

Just then Old Biddy Hen came
back.

She saw what had happened.
“Help! Help! Help!”
she screamed.

“My babies! My babies!
They will drown!
Please save them, Mother Duck.”

Old Biddy Hen was
very frightened.

Mother Duck swam quickly
to the old hat.

She pushed it to the bank.

Old Biddy Hen soon gathered
her chicks under her wings.

She was very happy
to have them safe with her again.

“I’m very sorry, Old Biddy Hen,
that I gave you such a fright,”
said Woofie.

“Your babies were crying,
and I was trying to care for them.”

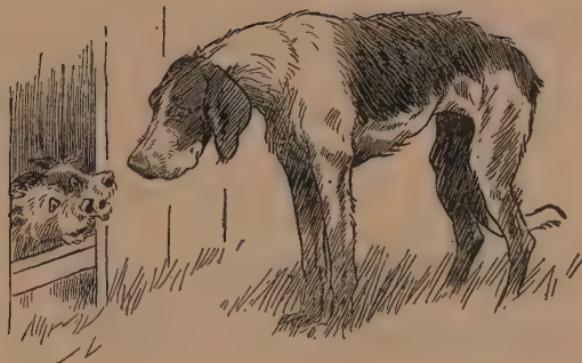
“You wanted to do right, Woofie,
but you didn’t stop to think,”
said Old Biddy Hen.

“If Mother Duck
had not been here
my babies might have drowned.
If you want to be
a good watch dog like your father,
you will have to learn to think.”

Woofie did feel very sorry.
He lay on the bank
for a long time.

He thought
and thought and thought
of what Old Biddy Hen had said.

“Old Biddy Hen is right.
I must learn to think,”
he said to himself.



SEEING THE WORLD

“Gr-r-r! Gr-r-r!”

growled Father Watch Dog.

“There is a dog
in Farmer Ring’s yard.”

Up jumped Wags and Woofie.
They ran to the fence
and peeped through.

“Hello, puppies!” said the dog.

“Hello!” said Wags and Woofie.

“Where do you live and what is your name?”

“I live everywhere and my name is Stray,” said the dog.

“Most of the time I stay in the woods. Where do you live?” asked Stray.

“We live here in the barnyard,” said Woofie.

“What a funny little place!” said Stray.

“You should go out and see the world.

Why don't you come
to the big woods some day?"

"We don't know
how to get there," said Wags.

"Just follow the big road
until you come to the woods,"
said Stray.

"I'll meet you there
and show you all the sights."

"We will come," said Woofie.

"When?" asked Stray.

"We can come tomorrow,"
answered Woofie.

"Bring something to eat,"
said Stray, and he ran off.

“Mother will never let us go,” said Wags.

“I don’t care a bark, let’s go anyway,” said Woofie.

“It is time for us to see the world.”

Very early the next morning, Wags and Woofie packed some bones in a bag.

Before any one was awake they crawled through a hole in the fence, and started for the woods.

“Stray will be waiting for us when we get there,” said Woofie.

“Are you sure?” asked Wags, a little frightened.

“We have never been so far away from home before.”

“Don’t be a fraid-cat, Wags,” said Woofie.

“We shall soon be there. I can see the woods now.”

When they got to the woods they looked and looked for Stray.

He was nowhere in sight.

“What is that noise, Woofie?” asked Wags.

“It’s thunder. I think it is going to rain,” said Woofie.

“I think it is going to rain, too,” said Wags.

Just then the big drops of rain began to fall.

There was a loud clap of thunder.

Wags began to cry.

“What shall we do, Woofie? What shall we do?” he cried.

“Here is a hollow log,” said Woofie.

“Let’s crawl in.”

The two puppies crept inside the log, to wait until the storm was over.



“Buzz, buzz, buzz!”

“What is that?” asked Woofie.

“Bees, bees, bees!” cried Wags.

“Hurry and let us get out.”

But it was too late.

A cross old bumblebee
stung Wags on the foot.

“Ow, ow, ow!” he cried.

“I want to go home,”
cried Wags, as they crawled out.

“I’m hungry,
let’s have some bones first,”
said Woofie.

“Bones!” said a gruff voice.
“I’ll take those bones!”

Out jumped Stray
from behind a tree.

He snatched the bag
and ran far into the woods.

“Stray, Stray,” called Wags.
“Come back with our bones.”
But Stray never came back.

Two sad little puppies
started home in the rain.

“I’ve seen enough of the world,”
said Woofie.

“The barnyard is
good enough for me,” said Wags,
as he limped along.

“Me too,” said Woofie.

WAGS AND WOOFIE WATCH THE BARNYARD

Mother Watch Dog
came to the door of the dog house.

“Come here, Woofie.

“Come here, Wags,” she called.

“I have something to tell you.”

Wags and Woofie
came to the house.

“Must we come in now,
mother?” asked Woofie.

“We are on our way
to the big tree.

We want to look for a rabbit.
Must we come in now, mother?”

“Yes, Wags and Woofie,
you must come now,”
said Mother Watch Dog.

“I have something to tell you.
Father Watch Dog
has gone away.
He will be gone all night.
He wants you
to watch the barnyard.”

How proud Wags and Woofie felt!
They were to take
Father Watch Dog’s place.
They felt so grown up!
That night they slept outside
the dog house.

An old fox lived in the woods
on Farmer Ring's farm.

He had tried many times
to get a nice fat hen,
but Father Watch Dog
would not let him come near.

That very night he came
close to the barnyard.

He was nearer than
he had ever been.

The moon was shining brightly.

He could see all around
the barnyard.

“Father Watch Dog
must be away,” he thought.

“It will be easy
to get a hen tonight.”

He crept quietly
up to the henhouse.

He crawled under the door.

There was Old Biddy Hen fast
asleep.

Snap! the old fox had her.

She was awake now.

“Squawk! Squawk!”
cried Old Biddy Hen.

“Bow, wow, wow!
Bow, wow, wow!”
Around the henhouse
came Wags and Woofie.

The old fox ran out
with Old Biddy Hen in his mouth.

He started down the hill
with the two puppies
right at his heels.

Wags snapped at his legs.

Woofie hung on to his tail.

On down the hill they went.

At last the old fox
was so frightened
that he dropped Old Biddy Hen.

He ran to the woods
as fast as he could go.

He wanted to get away
from those terrible puppies.



The noise in the barnyard
awoke Farmer Ring.

He came out in time
to see Wags and Woofie
chase the fox into the woods.

When Wags and Woofie
got back to the henhouse,
Old Biddy Hen was there.

She was gathering
her frightened chicks
under her wings.

“How can I ever thank you,
Wags and Woofie?” she said.

“You have saved my life.
I will never be cross
with you again.”

Farmer Ring came over
to the henhouse.

“You are brave puppies,”
he said.

He patted Wags and Woofie
on the head.

“Some day you will be
good watch dogs, like your father.”

Wags and Woofie
never were so happy.

They trotted proudly
back to the dog house.



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